



BOY CHILD FREEDOM

1 message

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I came to know Lulu through my mother. Am not trying to insinuate that she found me a wife but in one way or the other she was involved, about this we shall revisit. My pastor espoused a whore, am sorry church but truth be told, most Christians are pretenders. By virtue of the romance thriller, I have several extramundane fathers. Her underhand passionate tactics came on our face when I heard romantic bawls in the roses. At first I thought she was just happy like other days singing and mentioning Yahweh. But on how the roses shook I was unconvinced if that was the Holy Spirit, so I was on my heels to heal the scepticism. To my surprise there was, John preaching inside her. I never shouted amen to the sermons but just remained behind the shaky flowers noting how she was being shagged. My rubbery legs couldn't support the sin, so I set off the scene.

The antagonist, my puritan father is the perfect man I have ever known. His moves are as exact as a Leroy chronometer. This faithful is close to holy, does his humanitarian chores with a down to earth heart. That is, if Jesus has to come today, he qualifies to be the thirteenth disciple. My heart is crippled, furthermore my genetically hard wired ego is insecure. Speaking of a family especially that which I have won an eve from is not prudent. Thanks to the inevitability of change Mrs. Clement is now a good grandmother. Before change, tenth October 1996, in the same house Mother Teresa set her feet a girl was born, pretty and innocent, an image of the lord she was, the beauty of the land and a mermaid of the mile deep chasm of Arizona.

These were the black and white years, years marriage was marriage, an achievement per se. Tying knots was a village affair, privacy was left for washrooms. In short am saying marriage was a status. Unlike today when marriage is a contract, infidelity and matrimonial abuses are rampant. At times, rarely of course the not endured would mushroom among the perfect community. A thermo blooded man and woman would walk out of wedlock, they would be summoned, morals drained in the low capacity head and a heavy penalty set. The adulterers would then struggle to pay off the fine. Unwillingly the lesson was home. It wouldn't stop there, songs were composed and sang by vocal duets in an open air market condemning the act in relation to the victims. If it persisted the man would be disowned and the woman sent to her kinsmen. The punishment sanctified marriage to divinity but despite all odds Tiffany still was unable to maintain her privates in the pants. She went forth donating and distributing her goodies - given free give free.

And maybe that's why that morning Mother Nature arrogantly ushered in the husband of the moon. The rude man watched over everything, those who hid behind mountains their turn would come later in the day. With no clemency Tiffany accompanied with nearly a whole village turned a school into a shrine. They matched her around the knowledgeable village affiliates. Afar, the Casanova and Tiffany settled in front of the old jury, both knelt, goat's blood sprinkled on them and the undigested matter from the bisected goat smeared on their faces. A little murmur ate the morning chirps which traced before the gulltural judgements that oscillated the ambiguity of the day.

Then their tops were forcefully taken victimizing their privacy. Where uncivilized brains prevail inhumanity takes charge. Mother in law matched to shame, a fault by a devil in church, to appease a weak god of disgrace. Change came and my Lulu was brought up in a Christian bound family. I know less about my parents, their choking and dense relationship is impenetrable. Lulu's uniqueness is stunning, confusing the shrill gents to go gaga. She is the best thing I have. It would be an understatement to allude Lulu is beautiful, she's a perfect being. All composed and relaxed in her own skin. Whether she puts on local, urban, western or sleeping looks she's still an item. When she moves her pelvic whistles to every man amid resulting to a fracas. Her smooth bust handles the alarming twins with great care, which then cause chaos to the armed lone man guarding the two eggs. This is an intended innovation from Rabi, who gave her a fine tone both vocally and physically. Do not covet, lest you break the tenth commandment.

Our parents being serious Christians didn't restrict us from having fun, going to diplomatic events or even gay parties. So, that evening was a chance to bond and keep the dull boy active. Holding hands, we got into that local concert joyfully with Lulu showing her dance moves. It amused, I mean nobody would believe that was Lulu the reserved church girl. Her moves were western and admirable. Am a nerd, very shy in public and Lulu took advantage of it to rule over me. "Come along this way," she would persist. The moment I was on the floor, I really ashamed her - that's according to me - but for her case, she laughed and had fun of me.

At times I got confused by the curvy ladies in lingerie that brought to halt our salsa moves. Dancing and parting was Lulu's thing. She took it to notches high by controlling my moves in the manner she wanted.

"Deejay, you silly, do the obvious!" A drunkard lady at one time would shout and the disk jockey would change the beat. Any change to tune left the social hall to a child birth center. Screams from the party animals sounded like maternity pain. Lulu, then let off me, I placed my buttocks on the 'no worry stool.' I peddled my legs as I watched my queen show off her talent. Her moves would break her bones. She threw her legs apart to one hundred and eighty degrees and shook her boobs and butt at the same time. Men shouted circling her and begun splashing her with precious papers. I wouldn't stop myself than reach the scene to protect her from predators who touched her rudely. I forced my way to the centre where she was. I tried to push one man away, a little well built but eventually harvested blows that let me on the ground. "In this hall, no woman belongs to a man!" shouted the man. "Women are public property!" Announced another. Lulu didn't notice so I dusted off.

Disgusted, I backed myself freely on the 'no worry stool' and reserved myself by tossing a coin in my left hand and maneuvering my eyes around the hall. Suddenly my eyes landed on this chubby lady in lingerie who had confused me earlier during our triumph entry. Our eyes met and I blushed. On noticing my faint heart, she skipped from her point of aim and came to where I was, pulled me off the long legged stool and pushed me on the wall, pressed herself hard against me, that my face was between her cleavage on the brown chest. An electric shock ran down my spine and the chemistry remained a twister why she closed her eyes when our lips engaged.

"Lady! Stop it," I came out with some difficulties while maintaining an eye on Lulu.

"No, I can't, anyway just call me Sasha.

"Yes!" I replied struggling with her cologne.

I tried to push her off but the game was in her eyes, a contest, struggle for being eaten raw yet motionless which was a congenial to her own tastes that were a contrast of my likes.

"Just a minute," she replied passing her hand over all sensitive parts, allowing an arrival syndrome to hit me, leaving my penis erected, strong and stiff like an electric pole. She then looked at my bulged trouser front and whispered,

"Will you use a protective or go free?"

"What?" I asked shocked.

"You didn't get me, I mean have it, eat, eat me!" She was voicing up that made me reach her mouth with my little palm.

"No," I whispered back. Sasha then pushed me away and shouted, "so you are a homosexual?" She spank my buttocks and left me burning from within. She then joined the others laughing annoyingly.

It was then that I discovered they were underground mummies. One of them tried to remove her blouse to expose her juicy fruits but was restricted. Hiding my misuses I grouped a courageous breath, touched my trouser by the front and gave a chase, a situation where the hunter becomes the hunted. On seeing me, Sasha skipped off from the battalion who had lined up like cows in an agricultural show came to me,

"What brings you here?"

"Am.....a.....a..." I struggled with words as if a sinner before God. She then giggled.

"I knew, you will come to me, any way, how can a man run away from this beauty?" She then went round showing off her curvy body. Her behind wobbled like waves of a great ocean. My heart melted and I felt a certain relaxation. She moved closer and held my face by the cheeks. I could see tears form in her eyes, she then breathed heavily I could literally hear how she gasped the air with her well formed nose. I marveled at her older beauty, and so to say if I was a devil I would like to have this angelic figure in my life in hell. She then grasped my phone forcefully which I was struggling to maintain in my pocket, pressed it quickly like a secretary on a fax machine and gave it back to me. As soon as she was through with her drama than the other agents of doom came and pulled her off me, with one of them shouting, "stop harassing him!" And that's how I met Sasha. I was lucky Lulu had not seen my shenanigans, my fiancée is a lioness. I recollected to detente and reached her on the dance floor where she was huffing and puffing vehemently. With a little ease I searched her off from the drunkard beasts. Helpless she was, for her tipsy needed support, so I offered a shoulder to lean on. On arrival, she threw herself on bed leaving me with the money. And that was her way of making money, I had no means but potent looks to confuse her to drain the flow on me.

The smell of so much money maintained my eyes open the whole night. I sat on the coach grouping them and continuously sniffing the cold air in the room. After a conspicuous time of the night I noticed Lulu standing beside me. She prod me that my body dropped on the coach.

"Is that how you say good morning," I complained.

"Stop that, look at me." She spun to show off her juicy body in a silk blouse and a Cinderella miniskirt. She was a good thing to look at. I gestured to show my eyes had seen enough of her. Her eyes appeared glassy, her breast heaved upward and soon her hand was inside her blouse caressing herself. She then put her other hand under the miniskirt. I just stared at what she was doing with my blood warming up. Slowly, like being controlled by a remote I stood up and moved close to her. We then embedded on each other. Her hand was all over my back, then down to my buttocks. Aggressively, she unzipped my trouser. She then unfastened her skirt and let it fall on the floor. My thumbs were hooked in her panties and I snatched them off. I then seized her in my arms and kissed her ruthlessly. I bend her backwards, then we both fell on the cotton carpet and we wrestled as we kissed, both breathing heavily with passion. Then I got my flesh inside her, she screamed as I felt really good. We did it till we were tired. Then we turned and Lulu was lying naked on top of my body. I could smell the musky odour of sex that had circulated the whole room.

I could hardly tolerate such an enormous weight over me, so I tried to push her aside and she cooperated. This was one of the bizarre moment since we begun staying together, having it on the floor while the bed remained empty. Still with my pants below my knees I looked up trying to find words in my head while she suffocated with after act shyness. I stretched my hand, placed it on her waist and she turned to my side. Our eyes met and we smiled over nothing.

"I ought to be wiser to keep this marriage," I thought, for I knew I had found the one that would keep me in her heart as I keep her my number one.

"Honestly lulu, when I got you I knew I had reached my goal," the words came out impeccably, vibing your own wife sounds quarantine. She smiled and slided her forehead. By that time her breasts were staring at me therefore I couldn't help but just glance at the mammarys worth ten ounce each. I passed my hand from the pelvic to the bosom and she responded by placing her hand over mine.

"Stop!" She warned leisurely. By then I was feeling comfortable than ever.

"Speak to me," I retaliated her weak threats.

"What can I say," she responded with her brows drawing in askance. The dusky gold of her skin glowed in the glorious light of the virgin day taking me way back. It was the night of the new moon. Darkness was gripping stealthily like a cat in need to catch a bird. The only voice heard was that of the croaking of frogs and some mediocre sounds from crickets. Nobody was in their huge mansion but only the two of us. We were on the sofa holding each other's hand, looking in each other's eyes as if reading something hidden. At times we could kiss each other, then the kisses could be reduced by cuddles. All this time Lulu breast remained steady. Her eyes had turned red and she breathed heavily as myself.

Then that thought came into our minds, 'lets have a taste of the forbidden fruit.' We just stood and Lulu was pulling me towards her bedroom. I marvelled on how she was controlling me with ease. It's until today that I have learnt that a man's happiest moment is his weakest moment. As we neared the garden of Eden, I wondered the actions that would take place behind curtains, on a bed, in a lone room and under the sheets with two celibates. She flung the door with her leg with her hands busy controlling me. I was very drunk in love. She pushed me on the bed and helplessly fell on it. Despite being in that nature I could see some red dolls on her bed, I don't know how many but God of nature knows. I could feel her hands caressing me, from my spine then to my two packs. At times I could feel her trying to whisper something which ended up with her eyelashes tickling my earlobe.

Honestly, I could hear her breath, she did it heavily. Her heart beats could be heard as well. The smell of her lotion caressed my nose more than she did with her hands which at this time she tried to reach my conkey. I tried to resist it, on my relieve she withdrew the hand by herself. She then locked her lips with mine, she did it until my lips pained. Still there, she pulled my tongue, I didn't know how and began licking it like a lollipop. She eventually turned on unbuttoning my shirt. She did it very fast, threw it on the floor, then downed my trouser below my knees. She then looked at me and smiled. That not being enough she asked, "do you want it?" of course I was to say yes but she never gave me the chance. She moved her hands, held my face tight to face hers and spoke boldly, "I had reserved it for you, have it as much as you want." Immediately she was done with the words, she dragged down my boxer.

And just before she could get all over me, the door swung open, followed by a loud yelling.

"What's the meaning of all this, Lulu!" A short curvy woman screamed holding a sweeping stick. Sweat streamed my face. All my body shivered, trembling the whole me. This appeared like a dream, "oh my goodness, if this is a dream let it not happen again," I prayed.

"Let me be mom, am now a grown up."

"What?....."

".....repeat it again and listen to yourself."

"You got me right." I could hear beauty over me complain.

"NONSENSE! Let me call your father." Then she left very fast as if being chased.

With that haste move or perhaps the mention of the word father, I could read fear in the eyes of my sweetheart. She breathed in and out then she looked at me and closed her eyes.

"The devil is a liar." She complained.

"Babe escape through this window, my dad, my dad....." She breathed heavily and stared at the roof, maybe it was a way of getting some suitable words to ease the fear in me. ".....my dad is the devil I was speaking about." In a ray speed, I went through the window then over the fence. Still beside the fence I could hear some quarrels though with a difficulty. There came a voice of a man, then Lulu and then the gigantic woman.

"Where is that brat?"

"I was alone father."

"So you want to allege your mother is a liar?"

"Clement, your daughter is housing a bastard."

"No mum....."

"Shut up!"

"You are mis-arranging my wardrobe, I just did it this evening."

Then loud screams from Lulu followed.

"No darling, control yourself, come let's go to bed, we shall solve this tomorrow."

"I wish I lay my hands on that idiot, I will skin him alive."

Then there was a pregnant silence. Still at the fence not knowing whether to leave or not, I saw the bedroom window that I had escaped from being opened, then there was a head watch through that tried to survey the environment. I knew that was the brown gigantic woman, which later on Lulu told me it was her mother Tiffany. That survey frightened me the most letting me on the ground recklessly. Then the lights went off in the whole mansion, with that I was cock sure the apple of my eyes was asleep by now, but five minutes later or so, I saw her do the same as I had done. "Where is she going," I wondered. I hid more that the fence thickets fully covered me. She majestically went passed me, but occasionally she would turn, look sideways, walk two steps, stand, then bite her finger exoskeleton. In quick calculations, I concluded she do be a nice prostitute, in fact going with how she had handled me, she must be a walking experience. Some agitation burnt inside me that I forced myself of the fence thickets.

"Love..... I knew you couldn't go far than this." She said embracing me.

"Why?"

"How would you have done it, you love me, don't you?" I breathed heavily, she then held my left buttock tightly.

"Do you still love me?"

"Yes," I answered meekly as if I was not quite sure.

"Honey, forget everything that happened." I never responded but just glued my eyes on her.

"Don't tell me you are afraid, are you?"

"Yes!"

"Why?"

"It's your mother."

She giggled, "no she can't even kill a spider."

That alone gave me shivers is confidence, as though that was not enough, she begun kissing. I tried to resist but she overpowered me. She continued.

"Love am horny, let's do it."

"Here?"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Why? Or you are still afraid of my mother."

"Not really."

"Then?"

"We are not animals to have sex in the bush," I defended myself.

She laughed and clung tight on me and said, "then am going with you."

"What?"

"Yes, keep moving."

"I live in the ghetto," I tried to threaten her with poverty.

"I will scream." She returned the threat. The stunning Lulu held my hand and led the way to the house of a sufferer. I came back to my senses and found her staring at me.

"Darling, you will soon go insane."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Mmmmm!" She had nothing to respond than push me aside and rise from the floor. I followed soot raced for fresh air. The sex odour followed me out of the door that I locked gently behind me.

In front of the closed door, I inhaled the cold April air enough to cleanse my lungs. And that which begun as a practice then habit to addiction rekindled, so I moved my eyes carelessly from here to there that they perceived the ghetto women busy with their chores, of whom were never early risers. Perhaps that's why we from the ghetto still languish in poverty and live among poverty stricken neighbors. After having enough of feeling like Alice lost in a house of jewels, I gently eased the door and got in. Lulu was through with cleaning and now busy finishing the breakfast preparation.

Comfortably I placed myself on the couch.

"Welcome back my husband," I nodded as I leaned my back, "by the way I want you to take this tea then get yourself in the bathroom." she continued.

"This early? The water is very cold."

"Darling am warming it for you," she replied as she neared the table with the breakfast.

"OK."

"Sweetie, am craving for church sermons."

"But you understand very well I don't like these local churches."

"Don't say that, you might annoy our creator, God of nature."

"I can't and let me tell you something."

"Sure, go on." She said as she served me.

"Let me be clear, I didn't seduce the church, it seduced me, squeezed me hard and sucked away all the affection for it. We then got married at an early age of my life. This was a tabled formula from my parents who played the cards behind the scenes. By then I was timid and naive to identify or even reject the agreement." Lulu glued her eyes on me. "Am not saying being a Christian is wrong but with what am seeing around, our journey to heaven is very remote like the journey to Canaan from the Kenyan self proclaimed Joshua."

"What are you seeing that am not?" She inquired.

"What can you do when all wife materials are in church? Humble and focused men in church? At time you hear, 'a good wife comes from the Lord'. I have known men who got saved to win a lady. A genie who turned to be a praise singer, just to win a pastor's son, this is pretence that the Bible abhors, in fact their marriage is bound on pretence. Wolves in goat's skin slain the church slay queens, who have turned churches in to show rooms.

Church women compete on who has the modest hairstyle, who is in an expensive Sunday best. My biggest problem is these men carrying bibles around, they doubt everything. The Bible says this, they corrupt it to that. I dare them, if Jesus has to come today who amongst them will qualify to be the thirteenth disciple. In fact, they will doubt if it's Jesus and seek an investigation on the saviour, with such faith then we should never think of heaven. Some will say, "Am not a devil worshipper, neither an atheist, am just a religious free lance, I do Islam, I do Hindu, I do Christian, shrine sounds cool with me." My friend with all these, then you are a religious prostitute. Stick on one and set the ball rolling. Stop confusing the angels, where will you receive your blessings from? If I was to be asked if it is safe to introduce a child to religion at a young age, my answer would be NO. Let it be at the age of sixteen, when the toddler is no longer mucused." "Why?" "It would be safe to minimise this confusion at maturity and let people enjoy the freedom of worship."

"Well said," replied Lulu, "but we must go to church." I watched her piss fully holding a mug of tea in one hand and dropping the homemade bread back on the plastic plate. By then she watched from the dropped bread to my cup and uttered, "your lack of appetite proves to me that you have the appetite for the word." Annoyed beyond limits, I stood up and tried to walk away but she seized me in quick succession, grabbed my body and pushed it in the bathroom. Apart from church, water is my another enemy although I frequently love it spiced. More so, when it's going through my mastication machine.

My wife in a long dress that fully covered her all slender and curvy parts to assume a uniform shape like that of hickey. Her butt no longer wobbled and she had nothing to confuse men with other than her normal average lady looks. "So every woman is beautiful in makeup and tight clothes?" I sighed as she held my hand leading me to the pretence bay. As usual we gave a triumph entries and something the ghetto women would gossip on the whole week.

Little to say, her head gear matched my trouser, her scarf hugged my tie. The tinted colours in the pink dress matched my shirt. And the decorations covering our feet matched in unique ways, perhaps only on a close look, one would distinguish the distinguishable.

"Babe, be romantic," she said to me as she offered her purse for me to carry. I stretched my right hand to have it as I maintained her on the left side. Had it not been for the money I wouldn't have carried it, then the adage every man for himself and God for us all would have taken charge.

All the way, I said nothing than to only offer her my ears so that she can accomplish the woman curse of completing two thousand five hundred words a day. There we were giving out another triumph entry again although on different grounds and moods. Lulu stepped on the floor and her high heels produced sounds that attracted the attention of the whole congregation unto us. They all turned and the spiritual overseer paused. Somehow ashamed, I faced down, while my queen frequently said, "amen!" "Amen!" "God is good."

They watched us until we were seated and the man of God continued with that which Lulu had been craving for. Through out the sermon I kept wondering why they looked at us that way or had we promised them that we were coming with Jesus?

"A man should take care of his wife." The old grey haired man continued as I settled. Lulu hit me using her leg to confirm that the words had sunk. While other women shouted, "tell them!" My addiction compassed, I maneuvered my perception apparatuses and watched the men in the room. They reacted badly that they pretended to concentrate in their bibles and note books.

"The verse does not stop there," continued the pastor, "and you women, respect your husbands." It was the turn of men to rejoice. They clapped, others stood and one man walked straight to the pastor and ushered him some bank notes. I stretched my neck, whispered to my Lulu, "Is that bribe my dear?"

"No it's offering," she whispered back.

We formalised all the rituals until it was time to leave.

"By the grace....." The service leader begun and everybody loves ".....of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, be with us now and for ever more, Amen!" By the time amen was being said Lulu had greeted twelve people and hugged five more. How she did it I don't know but what I know God of nature has blessed her with so many talents.

Perhaps, that was just another talent I was discovering in her. Of course am talented too for Prof. Arsène Wenger once said that being talented is not only having a talent but also discovering a talent in someone. And maybe Lulu nearly forgot if she ever came along with someone for she talked to other ladies minding nothing about me. She stepped outside the building, which I also did albeit five steps late.

As she neared the gate of the church compound than my phone rang. At first, I feared to pick it up because at no pinch of time had I seen anyone using a phone but then am not that person who assumes my calls therefore I gathered courage and picked it up.

"Hello," a female voice came out of the white craft.

"Fine, whom am I speaking to."

"Turn on your left." I wondered who was this giving out orders.

"Yes, I have turned."

"Can you see the lady raising up her hand?"

Then I saw her, Sasha, the lady who had raped my spirits last night. I was shocked beyond reasons and wondered why the devils were dancing around God's thrown.

"You worship?" I tried to hide my surprises.

"I should be asking you the same," she replied back laughing. Then she made a sound like that of hissing snake.

"By the way I saw you with a lady, is she your wife?"

"Yes, why do you ask."

"Just concerned."

"Okay, I can see."

"Are you offended?"

"No, but try to let her out of this."

"Right."

I had not made a step, neither had she but on how we looked at each other, though from a distance, then one would conclude there was a chemistry equation trying to be balanced.

"Take care, there she comes." She then hanged up the call and my Lulu held me by the waist and led me home. "I think she didn't notice me," I did the soliloquy.

The sun pierced and there I was clinging on the claws of an eagle, exploiting an explosive adventure. I pulled out my phone and squeezed it with my thumbs repeating the words I had been practising on our way back.

"I love you, am the Romeo, be my Juliet."

I did it in low tone to avoid Lulu who was resting on the coach. My wife is a lioness. Sasha on the other side huffed and puffed vehemently.

"Oooh! That's so sweet honey?"

It puzzled me, only two occasions and she's already pampering me with names.

"Can you make it today?" She continued.

"Yeah!"

"I guess she's in."

"Yap!"

"What time? Am lonely."

"Worry not."

"What time?" she insisted.

"Right away."

As I hanged up, I could remorsefully hear her breathes. Her gentleness captivated me, squeezed and sucked away all my conscience. She played it cool, bearing the fact that she was aware of our engagement. Now a game of three, two superstars with one crippled substitute.

Quickly, I got back to our ghetto bedsitter, wore my sweat pant, the black one with a red strip running along both sides of the legs and a red sweat shirt. I further spiced the look with a Louis Vuitton flat black shoes.

"Hey! You rascal, where to?" She nearly withdrew my heart.

"Just out to meet my boys," I responded wearing a fake smile.

"Right..... But....."

"Eeeeh?"

"It would look nice if you matched it with another pair of shoe."

"Am comfortable with this."

She clicked and woke from the coach, reached the closet and threw at me a pair of red sport shoes.

"Put them on!"

She then rolled her waist as she bent to tie my shoe laces. I never understood her, one time romantic, another moment a love bully.

"You look better." She rose, pulled me by my neck and reached my semi flesh lips. Tightly she engaged with them and let them off.

"Take care!" She announced behind my back.

At the territory of testimonies, I touched the door knob and it flung open. My face was received by smoulders of tender lips, a behavior exhibited by a freshly released prisoner who just met a prostitute. On this status quo, I regretted my hasty decisions of escaping with Lulu. "So there are heavens out here?" I thought. I was lost in Sasha's love world, a heaven on earth.

The love genii placed biscuits between her well shaped fleshy African lips for me to pick, which eventually ended up to kisses. It took me by amazements on her brilliant pick ups. She then looked straight in my eyes, I blushed for the sexy eyes from a much older lady vandalized my courage. She smiled, held me by chin and raised my face to level hers.

The fine thank you mama passed her fingers from my neck through my spinal cord to close to my butt area. I felt weak and cosy that my third led grew stiffer and stiffer. She then tendrilled her fingers in my pants, threw me on the bed and got over me. I can't remember what happened under the roof of the big mansion but most importantly I came out alive.

"Ngrrrr! Ngrrrr!" My phone called out.

"Is it her?" Concerned Sasha asked.

"Yes!"

"Pick it up, tell her you are on your way." She said as she turned to face the wall. I studied the voluptuous body, juicy and appetizing sculpture of Adonis. I marvelled on how the He of Nature is a good architecture, more so on the witty Sasha. My fingers trembled as I picked it up.

"Hello darling!" She voiced.

"Mmmmm!"

"Don't be late." She then hang up.

Immediately Sasha turned and rekindled the fire until the bed sheets fell off the bed. Any scintilla of moment I thought of the morning being in church, the saying God is watching from above send signals if fear.

"Cup of tea, roast meat, massage...just say anything. Am at your service my king." Sasha came out clearer as she wrapped a translucent long scarf around her bust. By then I breathed heavily with my faces immersed in her cleavage.

"Say something," she insisted.

I just shook my head, frankly, I had enough from her with mere tiredness like that of an oxen of the farm.

She stretched her hands lifted me off the bed caressing me like a pet.

"Let's go," she said as she kept me on my legs and helped me to wrap a towel around my waist exposing my packs, bicep and chest. I think a part from my dominion face, the physique also added value to my attractiveness.

We then held each other by waist like two best friends to the kitchen. It was from there I would choose from the list which was at my disposal to supplement the taste of the forbidden love. We played, chased each other around the house onto sofas, under the bed, weird things we did.

Capitulate moves we performed which chimed most of the time. We then escorted each other and playfully we did our cleansing like rug rats in a swimming pool. After we were through she embezzled some cash on me and saw me off. As I strolled along the elite street I smelled myself, stupefied if Sasha's cologne was a de facto, even if it were I had an omnibus of lies to cover up but the fifteen missed calls... I sighed, "what of them?"

Home sweet home, here I come. Receive me in one faith, one heart and open hands. As my last foot set in the bedsitter fear broke the flow of my thoughts of lies. My goose was cooked up leaving me with nothing to build my defense on. Lulu just gazed from me to the clock on the wall. On getting no answers between the glances she resolved on shaking her head. Silently the red tomato eyed lady left for the kitchen and with her was my favorite delicacy.

She pushed the plates on my side of the table and sat on the other side. She said nothing, silence ate the room in loud bites nearly causing trauma. I could see her heavy beats lift up her mini dress in regular intervals. Her breathe came out bitterly, at times she raised her eyebrows in a way to suggest she was out for something.

With her palm, she frequently hit her fore head gently then fanned it with the other hand. As I bite the no appetite chunks Lulu watched me saying nothing, doing nothing than whining with her gestures. Maybe the learnt proverb, saying nothing is the best response to a fool soured her mind.

"Babe, what a good meal," of which I had eaten nothing.

She never responded. She folded her knuckles ready to punch me but eventually ended up on the coach. Then the devil got over her, from here to there she strolled. She pulled one side of her silky mini dress and tugged it in her pant and turned out to be Mohammed Ali or perhaps the notorious El Chapo. She couldn't understand on how ignorant I was not to pick her calls.

Like a demon possessed person she put off all the sound producing electronics in the room and opened her poisonous lips.

Left! Right!

Left! Right!
Button to button
Turn and twist
Chin and chop
I repeat
Chin and chop!

She performed it clearly and accurately instilling fear in me. She seemed to be ready as she usually claimed, "am ready, was ready and born ready!" I couldn't help at the patient time bomb for any move would act like an act of attack.

"Fifteen calls unanswered then the man comes in just like that unapologetic and unpunished."

"Darling I can explain," I tried to intervene.

"Shut up!" She said charging letting me to gather my feathers and allow her to proceed.

"The idiot," she said moving her head like a hooting owl, "hasn't eaten enough, just wasting my food. Maybe he is eating somewhere. Do you have another mistress?" She asked looking at me. I knew such questions are never answered.

"Eeeh!" She did it folding her cheeks like a granny. "I can't understand, look at him," she said pointing at me with her left hand while the right hand at akimbo. It seemed a well practised move. "Comfortably sitting, minding Less of the pain he is causing. One day, one...day, I will go after this lad and confirm the boys." This moment she was turning savage and disrespectful. "Then I will know what he is up to. The statement succumbed my breathes. She then pulled me from the coach. I didn't resist and we headed on the bed.

She then held, covered my whole cheeks with her both hands.

"Darling, promise it's not what am thinking."

"I promise! I can swear by the Bible." I pretended.

It was late in the night that I felt like someone was looking at me. In my sleepy eyes I blurry saw her tying a stocking on her head and withdrawing a knife from her pant.

Sleep joined the winds and blew away at its best speed. The rate of my heart beats did not sync with the rate of my thinking. I turned to her side and she inserted it back very quickly. The first thing I did was to touch my conkey to confirm if the transformer was in its place. Thanks Almighty, it was life and kicking. She then breathed in and out loudly

"I can't sleep, am enjoying the dark," she tried to convince.

"I see!" I responded in a sleepy tone.

"I thought you were asleep, it's okay anyway," she said as she positioned herself on the bed. I watched her keenly until I was assured she is silent asleep. I never slept, I mean how would I? My adrenaline escalated, chest thumbing my brain for remedies to the punctures.

My wife is a dawn breaker, Lulu never allows the sun to find her in bed. She had already worn her make up, when she did it am not aware. That very morning I could hardly face her, fear and guilt ate me that I resolved to find solace deep inside my duvet.

"Won't you wake up?" Lulu asked as she snapped me by my legs.

"Let me be!" I moaned.

"I can't... wake up...breakfast is ready." Lulu didn't and has never given me chances to respond especially when she wants to emerge the champ.

"Am tired."

"Tired?" she muttered, "have you been farming?"

"Leave me alone!"

The brutal daughter pulled off my duvet exposing my pendulum that was stiff and ready to oscillate. She smiled at me and smuggled a peck, So romantic so to say. She held me by the neck and whispered a romantic poem,

"The lion of my life

Come to me

Roar aloud

For the foetus to somersault."

My eyes widened and moved my head to close to her belly.

"Did you hear anything?" She inquired.

"Yes, a crying stomach."

She gave me a romantic slap and I immediately perceived a female voice laughing from the coach. I stared at where the voice had emerged but for her, she keenly surveyed my sleeping short. I begun moving towards her for a shake but she made up her mind on running and hiding behind Lulu. I was tantalized at her queer character. Lulu came to me almost instantly and whispered in my ear, "look at your short." I was ashamed and bounced in the frog's kingdom.

"And who is this?" I asked Lulu once I was through and around the table.

"She's Lydia, my primary school seatmate."

"Shake my phallages," I told Lydia avoiding eye contact. She gave me her hand and we had our first contact. We took our chocolate tea as the two ladies chit chatted.

"By the way... Lydia the short dark lady voiced out, "I want you to help me in something. Come with me," She said as she rose up. Another Lulu species, not giving me a chance to have my say. I looked at Lulu perhaps she might have something but she just smiled and waved at us. She never resisted.

Once we were at our destination she begun, "place your anus over there," she said with a vulgar handing me a file as she concentrated on a desktop computer. I flipped the pages, two decades ago, Lydia a product of rape begun her miserable life with murder, and here she was to find the self martyr. Who probably would provide answers to her family's whereabouts.

Who would give answers to the rape case. Who would bear witness to the murder. Who would thereafter face the earthly gods. Who would heal her wounds, having a father at last, a criminal yet still a dad to someone. Who in good faith would identify her mother, a woman said to have been genuinely sexually frustrated to lighten up the case for perhaps the rapist to avail himself.

A man who would pass riches to his pretty daughter, especially the virgin land that had remained in its state for the past a thousand and forty weeks. A man who rented the sky, lived among the dead, whose domain was close to the ancestral world. A strange human whom lived in his own planet -you can't trace me.

Lydia not a bimbo, had several a times scratched her head wondering if this was a ghost. She looked into the matter with hard eyes. The baby girl breathed heavily, leaned and tried to remember something that didn't sum up to cognitive solutions.

"Almighty help!" She sighed as she rose off the seat. Lydia moved around the office stepping on the papers all over the floor then settled close to the window with one hand scratching her chin.

She seemed not to understand what had led to the pioneer investigators resigning, the chairman of the one that followed had gone insane thus resulting to all members quitting. Then the one just before hers had gone to exile, no one could trace them, not even their families.

"This needs prayers," she thought. Worry volumed the more she dug deep. Oh my God! The little bird was after consulting killers or perhaps sorcerers. Will she really survive? Will solutions be found to the puzzle? God of Nature knows. She dropped the thoughts and looked through the window, the sun was bright caressing the earth's surface. With little ease, clouds moved here and there to find an appropriate location to start crying. The solar was not for it so they moved further.

Lydia marvelled on what the chilly pregnant night had delivered. The ringing phone brought back her senses. With a single step she reached it on the table. It was then that we begun a walk with the devil.

"Hello, it's agent number two, the man has been seen around."

Lydia lost her composure, threw the receiver away and left her makeup office, I followed soot and we got in her little red beetle.

We had a twenty minute drive then discovered we were chasing the wind. Back in the office, everything was in its place with a human head on the table. The head was fresh with the eyes staring at us. Lydia screamed and accidentally knocked it off the table. It was then that she discovered a note on the table.

Dear Lydia,

My daughter amongst many, long time, I know you have grown into a fine lady. Drop this case and your life will be safe. Any further progress to this, I will rape you just like your mother. The concerned me.

"Rape me! Me?" Lydia cursed. "I mean how can this man threaten to rape me, his daughter," she thought aloud. Suddenly the chart on the wall fell on the floor making Lydia to withdraw her pistol ready to fire. I trembled nearly to pee in my clothes. She breathed heavily, wishing it was a living torso to fire a bullet directly on its chest.

A close scrutiny she discovered the file I had just flipped a few minutes ago and handed it back to her was missing. "He isn't clever as a lady, I don't miss plan B," she boasted. She was wrong, really wrong. Lydia with a little fear reached out the phone on the other end of the table and dialed the number that had called her.

Funny enough a phone rang inside her office, inside the mouth of the head that had rolled afar, near the trash bin. "What?" astonished she was, what is this all about but I dialed Akaroste's number?" She checked it again and dialed it. This time she was sure, the outcome was the same. A little sweat did no harm for Lydia. She wondered why she had not confirmed the human head. A close look she was convinced beyond doubts it was Akaroste's head.

All her efforts to gather evidence on the ghost were grounded. Anger boiled up in her that her face looked like an over-ripped tomato. Bitterness rekindled and seemed more determined than ever. She knew very well motivation is a product of success. This time she vowed to be more careful, strategic and calculating. Lydia didn't want to involve the police in this, her office being private and illegal would bring more to her proceeds than success.

She cleared the mess single-handed, carefully leaving no traces of evidence. She wrapped the head in a polythene and hid it in one of her big drawers so as to have adequate thinking time on how to discard it. It was till late that we drove home and laid her flesh on the couch, very tired that she immediately took a trip to slumber party. It was now evident that she was staying around a little longer, what an opportunity.

I positioned myself on the bed, Lulu placed her left leg over mine, thrust her hand softly over my hairy chest and seduced me to a subconscious state. Not long memories were skirting in my head. As a refused of life, a return and rejected being the owl began hooting in my life the day I was born, yes, am told the day I was born I never cried normally. I wailed, not only was it a wail but a persistent one, which was after a slap on my sitting apparatus. Just for you, no matter how you call yourself a gangster remember you were slapped on your buttocks by a midwife and you yelled, be humble.

It never took long, a month or so, Mama threw me away, not away, but away to my father perhaps that was the best disposal way she had for I was an out-of-wedlock son whom she believed I was a mistake...Papa by then still a student at a local college. They have it, it was a normal evening in Chesero, just after a little quarrel and a slap on my mother's left cheek changed the course of my life.

How it began, it was a riddle that requires the wise Solomon of the Bible. Am told, it was an infidelity case, one of the two was unable to maintain the privates under the pants. It's harsh though, forgive me.

Fate was not on my side, one year later my dad died. By then, I never felt the pain but today I stand around the grave and feel so miserable, I have lost a war, a tough war, that needed no guns, no blood shed but only tears. On the burial day, cows were slaughtered, in fact in my tribe mourners cried aloud if there was smoke from the kitchen. To them it was easy, very easy, yes easier than taking a blink. They never saw the loop left behind.

Mama never came, at a tender age I knew her not. The only thing I remember is women kept pointing fingers at me. I believe it was a sign of pity. It was over, the compound remained empty, my heart too. The only reasonable person I had around me was my granny. She was to be my father, my mother and anybody important I could have in my life. I lived happily with her. She do sent me anywhere, I could run, come back happily, sit around a fire as she told me stories, which to me were school itself. She loved me, I loved her too.

Little did I know, life is short. One afternoon I came from school found many people in our compound. The welcome was unique, I was not used to it. It was a message of GONE TO SOON. I wailed, sobbed, pitied myself, even at times I cursed God. People encouraged me a lot. Then a man of God, genuine human being, Clement came in my life. I went with him, far away, away from my father's home, to start a new life.

We arrived, the environment was different. The solar hit at a right angle, my new home was limited to trees, there were no cows, hens, plantations to weed, no natural river but only blue water outside the compound. It took me long to acclimatize. The language spoken was unique with their tongues inflicted with the venom of the white. My new parent spoke my language with efficacy, he advised me it would not take long to understand. My new mother a brown gigantic lady and soft spoken reached me, embraced me softly and said, "I like children."

She lifted me off the ground, I felt like diamonds falling from the sky, yes, shining bright of course.

"It's light," softly came out my mom.

"Yes?" Replied my father, it is traumatized, it has a story to tell," answered my uncle. I was taken to the house, I can say, it was bushy with prissy and posh things. What shocked me most was the sun inside the house, which later I came to learn it was a bulb and electricity.

"Our visitor is here!" Announced my new mom-Tiffany. It never took long, delicacy filled the table -as the saying goes, give a young man food and he will remember you the rest of his life, so that's why I remember everything - with close to twelve male teenagers and one little pretty girl - Lulu around a big table, all brown and fertile as if they bathed lotion. They looked different, smiled unique and talked frabjously. They were cool at just a gesture. All of them concentrated on the white craft.

I was not used to it, I was alone to my mother, my father too but here was a full football team, I was a substitute yet to be added, of which I irrespectively added myself by escaping with Lulu. Here was a man and woman who had read the verse of the Bible, 'Go into thee and fill the earth,' unlike today, where disciples who are walking true definition of hypocrites and pretenders who are more dangerous than killers use contraceptives.

2 attachments



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